





### Choice Miscellany.

#### WHEN POLLY TAKES THE AIR.

A little wicker basket rolls  
Along the pavement walk,  
And at the sight the young and old  
Begin to laugh and talk.  
And wave fair hands and kisses throw  
And cry: "Look here!" "See there!"  
"This way it comes!" And all because  
Sweet Polly takes the air.

The newboys run and shout with glee  
And follow on behind,  
The coachman and the footman gaze  
As if they had a mind  
To be the same. The good old priest  
Stands still with solemn stare  
And from the shady avenue  
Sweet Polly takes the air.

And all the while sweet Polly sits  
In dainty gown and hat  
And smiles on one she loves the best—  
Her pretty Maltese cat.  
And softly coo, when pussy purrs,  
Without a thought or care  
How all the town turns upside down  
When Polly takes the air.

—Zitella Cooke's "A Doric Reed."

#### IF YOU LOVE ME, TELL ME SO.

There are not always blossoms, but the winter  
comes soon.  
Sunbeams are not ever shining, yet the clouds  
oft make day wan;  
And if love can give us pleasure, its existence  
we should know;  
So through cloudy days or sunny, if you love  
me, tell me so.

Though the flowers may be blossoming, yet the  
frost may still be sad;  
Though the sun be sweetly shining, yet the  
heart may not be glad;  
And if love is all we deem it, its existence  
we should know;  
So through flowery ways or barren, if you love  
me, tell me so.

—Memphis Commercial-Appel.

#### THEY'RE ALL LIKE THAT.

Oh, have you ever known a girl, when asked  
about her age,  
Who'd sweetly smile and answer you and not  
get in a rage?  
The weather, styles and last new plays are  
topics safe to brook;  
But if you venture on her age she'll snap those  
eyes of blue

(Or if they're black 'twill be worse yet) and  
curl her lips in scorn.  
Then you will feel all men you are the most  
foolish.

Now, ten to one, if you could see within that  
sadden's brow,  
She'd be consigning you somewhere, but not  
among the best.  
The girls are all alike in that the whole wide  
world around—  
You must not ask how old they are—at least  
I have found.

I tried it once, and to my cost. Now I'm a  
wiser man,  
And to you fellows I must say—avoid 'em if  
you can.  
—Richard Brent in Atlanta Constitution.

#### A NEW YORK STREET SHOW.

The interesting performance of an Equine  
Gymnast.

It is the easiest thing in the world for  
a horse to eat from the ground standing—  
that is the way it feeds in nature—but  
a horse that was standing in Nassau  
street the other day, attached to a de-  
livery wagon, ate from the ground in a  
way that interested everybody who saw him.

Straightening out his fore legs in  
front of him, at an angle of about 45  
degrees, something as a dog straightens  
out his fore legs in stretching, he low-  
ered his body at the shoulders to about  
half its usual elevation above the  
ground. Then he inclined his head  
downward between his legs until his  
lips touched the pavement. He didn't  
bend his neck more than half as  
much as would have been necessary if  
he had remained standing with his fore  
legs upright. It was like a feat in gym-  
nastics.

A crescent shaped crowd gathered in  
front of the horse, one horn of the cres-  
cent being on one sidewalk and the other  
on the other. Somebody put a  
pear down on the pavement between the  
horse's feet. Out went his feet and down  
he lowered his body and then delib-  
erately he inclined his head and picked  
up the pear; and then he straightened  
up and ate it, all to the great enjoy-  
ment of the crowd. One man said Bar-  
nurn ought to have him, and yet when  
he straightened up and was standing at  
rest he was just a good looking horse  
whom nobody would ever have taken  
for the prize horse, Barnurn.

A boy laid down the core of an apple  
and the horse picked that up as before  
while the crowd looked on, and present-  
ly the driver came out of a building and  
jumped on the seat of the wagon. He  
saw the crowd, but he didn't let on that  
he saw it or anything remarkable at all;  
he simply gathered up the lines and  
drove off, and then the crowd melted  
away.—New York Sun.

#### London Cabbies' Trick.

"Like a ride, sir? Jump up. Nothing  
to pay."

The writer was taking a stroll along  
the Thames embankment one fine evening  
after supper when the driver of a  
smart looking four wheeler pulled across  
the road and halted him thus curiously.  
I jumped on the box beside him, and  
noticing my lack of inquiry, he ex-  
plained: "You see, sir, we cabbies are  
not allowed to drive empty through the  
Strand during this half hour just as the  
theater goes are coming out. Of course  
there is a dead certainty of getting a  
fare now if we can only manage to get  
into the street. So to prevent the place  
getting filled with cabs there is a police-  
man at every side turning with strict  
orders to turn us back as soon as there  
are enough on the bank.

"But no bobby in the world can stop  
a man driving a fare into the Strand,  
and so we ask a likely looking customer  
to oblige us and jump in while we drive  
past the constable. Once in the street,  
we are pretty sure of picking up a fare  
before we are noticed and ordered out  
again.

"Thank you, sir, very much," he  
added as I alighted a few doors from  
the Villiers street end of the crowded  
thoroughfare, "and good night! Cab,  
sir? Yes, sir," and he quickly drove off  
with his new fare.—Pearson's Weekly.

#### Nabst American.

Among my fellow passengers recently  
on one of these good but very slow  
ships, the Irrawaddy, was a little curly  
haired English boy who had evidently  
been brought up in the strictest sense  
of the aristocracy—an embryonic English-  
man of the Englishmen.

"Do you speak English, little boy?"  
said a good lady to him, who was trying  
to scrape acquaintance with the youth-  
ful Briton.

"Oh, now," said the little chap.  
"Do you speak American?" then asked  
the lady.

"Oh, now," he replied, with a still  
stronger emphasis.

"But wouldn't you like to learn  
American?" persisted the lady.

"Oh, now, thanks," answered this  
sturdy little patriot. "It is very, very  
naughty to speak American."—North  
American Review.

### A LAWYER HIRED BY THE DAY.

#### And the Reason He Quit This Job Pro-

With the name of Rufus Lockwood  
recalled to mind one of the most extraor-  
dinary geniuses that the state of Cali-  
fornia ever produced. It is many years  
now since Lockwood held sway in the  
courts of San Francisco. He was, in his  
day, perhaps the best lawyer in the  
state, and it was only because of his ut-  
ter indifference to pecuniary matters  
that he did not leave a large fortune be-  
hind him.

Lockwood went at one time to Horace  
Haves, a very distinguished lawyer,  
and the author of the consolidation act  
which is now in force. Haves had a  
reputation for close figuring, and Lock-  
wood knew it. He said, "Mr. Haves,  
I'll hire myself to you for one year from  
date at a salary of \$25 a day, payable  
every night."

"All right," said Haves, delighted  
to engage the services of the brightest  
mind in the state at no more a figure—  
for the salary was not a great one in those  
days—and the bargain was sealed. It  
was 11 o'clock in the morning. But  
from that time on, it is said, Haves  
never missed an opportunity of remind-  
ing Lockwood of his bondage. He would  
say, in the presence of others, "Lock-  
wood, go fetch that book," "Lock-  
wood, do this or that," etc. Lockwood  
never said a word, but did as he was  
bidden, and Haves enjoyed his triumph.

Finally it came to the day when the  
year's engagement terminated. There was  
a most important lawsuit on hand,  
of which Lockwood had made a careful  
study. No one in the state could pos-  
sibly have handled it so well. Well  
nigh a day in question Lockwood stood  
in court, an array of lawbooks in front  
of him, and expounded his views in  
masterly fashion. Suddenly he looked  
up at the clock and saw that it was the  
hour of 11. Closing the book from which  
he was quoting, he turned to Haves,  
who was sitting beside him, and said:

"Mr. Haves, a year ago today at this  
hour I concluded to work for you one  
year. My time's up, the contract is can-  
celed and I am going."

Thus he repaid his master for the  
humiliation heaped upon him. Haves  
was in the greatest consternation. He  
could not possibly take up the thread of  
the case where Lockwood had left it,  
and he begged and implored him to pro-  
ceed. But Lockwood remembered, and  
he turned a deaf ear to all persuasions.  
He kept his word; the contract had ex-  
pired.—San Francisco Bulletin.

#### A Square Drink.

But of all the attractive features of  
this charming spot, Rothenburg, the  
annual festival, celebrating the cap-  
ture of the town by Tilly during the  
Thirty Years' war, ranks first. At  
that time, and indeed until 1803, Roth-  
enburg was a free city, taking an active  
part in the peasants' war of 1525, and  
in the Thirty Years' war of the follow-  
ing century. It was in the course of the  
latter, in 1631, that the celebrated Tilly  
appeared before Rothenburg and de-  
manded its capitulation. This the citi-  
zens refused, with the result that the  
gallant little town was besieged and  
taken. Tilly and his generals proceeded  
to the rathaus and demanded the  
principal keys of the burgomaster. At  
the same time Tilly imposed a fine of  
80,000 thalers and garrisoned the town  
with his soldiers.

The burgomaster pleaded in vain for  
some mitigation of the penalty, until  
the victorious general, after remaining  
for some time unmoved by his entreaties,  
conceived the extraordinary notion of  
offering to restore the freedom of the  
town on condition that one of the in-  
habitants should come forward and  
empty at one draft an immense beaker  
of wine, containing about 8½ liters  
(over three quarts.) This was an un-  
heard of feat, even in those hard drink-  
ing days, and for some time his offer  
remained unaccepted. The opportunity  
of freeing the town from a foreign yoke  
seemed, however, too important to be  
lost, and a patriotic citizen named  
Nusch resolved to attempt the  
difficult task imposed by the conqueror.

As a matter of fact, he drained the  
beaker at one draft, and although tradi-  
tion relates that a severe illness fol-  
lowed the feat, still he saved the town,  
for Tilly kept his word and restored the  
independence of Rothenburg.—Cham-  
bers' Journal.

#### A Feature of Phenix.

"I am struck," said a well known  
traveler the other day, "with a few  
features in Phenix that mark no other  
town on the coast. One of them is the  
custom of posting up black bordered  
notices of invitations to funerals. I've  
seen that done in some of the little  
towns in the Gulf states, but nowhere  
else. I know it's a sort of habit only  
from a conversation I had with an old  
tinner. He said that about 20 years ago,  
when the town was new, there were no  
newspapers, and even later the only ve-  
hicle of news was a weekly paper. There  
was no ice to be had, and burials had  
to be done quickly, especially in the  
summer time. The only way to bring  
the news of the death and funeral to the  
attention of the public was by means of  
notices stuck on the posts, and the cus-  
tom has continued to this date, when  
no necessity exists."—Arizona Republi-  
can.

#### The Italian's Street Cries.

The itinerant Italian fruit vender il-  
lustrates some curious peculiarities of  
speech. In his native land he is given  
to vowel terminations, but here it is  
otherwise, and even the voice with  
which he cries his wares is harsh and  
raucous. The strawberry becomes  
"straw," as he cries it; but, oddly  
enough, the banana becomes "jennai,"  
and the vowel closing banana is con-  
sonantized into "banan." It is the same  
with the collector of rags and bottles,  
who vocalizes them into "raggi botti,"  
while the organ grinder clips the final  
vowel sound from monkey and calls it  
"da monk." Queer, isn't it?—Boston  
Herald.

#### A Noted Talker.

Dismal stories are told of Lady Hester  
Stanhope's portentous power of dis-  
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### Absolutely Pure-Delicious-Nutritious.



The Breakfast Cocoa  
MADE BY  
**WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED**  
DORCHESTER, MASS.  
COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.  
NO CHEMICALS.  
ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR  
WALTER BAKER & CO'S. BREAKFAST COCOA  
MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS  
THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE  
ON EVERY CAN.  
•AVOID IMITATIONS•

#### THE BLUEBERRY CROP.

The blueberry fields which lie chiefly  
in Washington county are called  
"barrens." Many of these barrens lie  
quite remote from settlements. One may  
see only here and there a house of un-  
pretentious and perhaps rather primitive  
construction. The owner of the barrens  
leases a certain amount of land, perhaps  
one or two hundred acres to some one of  
these scattered settlers. The lease is a  
verbal one, and there is no cash consid-  
eration. The lessee agrees to cultivate  
and care for his leasehold, to look after  
trespassers, and to see that the berries  
are properly gathered and delivered at  
the factory, which is sometimes fifteen or  
twenty miles distant. The lessor agrees  
to continue the lease as long as compli-  
ance is given to the above conditions.  
Strange as it may appear there are seldom  
disputes between lessor and lessee, the  
interests of both are well looked after,  
and the arrangement is naturally profit-  
able.

To illustrate the method of cultivation  
we will suppose a lessee has control of  
150 acres. The whole act of cultivation  
lies in burning the surface once in three  
years, to destroy grass, weeds and twigs,  
thus keeping the barrens clean for the  
growth of the crop. In the fall the  
sprouts of trees, which here and there  
have grown up during the summer, are  
cut down. In the early spring, after the  
snow is gone and a few sunny days have  
dried the surface, the lessee carefully  
burns over one-third of his lease. At  
this season the soil is moist, and the  
roots of the bushes are not injured. The  
burnt land will produce no crop until  
the following year. The next  
year another third is burned, and so on.  
Thus on his 150 acres the lessee will  
each year have fifty acres of burnt land  
and one hundred acres in bearing.

When the season of harvest approaches  
the lessee secures his help. Pickers  
come from far and near. Men, women  
and children, whole families, camp on  
the barrens during the picking season,  
which lasts from five to six weeks. The  
camps present scenes both picturesque  
and unique. Some are of canvas and  
some are of boughs laid over poles.  
They are usually pitched near a spring  
and in a sheltered spot. Camp life here  
is much the same as in the woods except  
for the presence of women and troops of  
children. The fare, though not elaborate,  
is abundant, fresh and wholesome, being  
brought daily from the village where the  
factory is located.

#### Picking the Berries.

There are two pickings, one immedi-  
ately following the other. The lessee  
has general oversight over the work,  
and allots certain territory to each indi-  
vidual, or family. Careful and efficient  
service is required. The picking is done  
by the use of an implement called a  
picker, the invention of which may have  
been suggested by the old-fashioned dust  
pan, as the handle, back, sides and  
general make-up closely resemble that  
article of household use. The width of  
the picker varies from five to eight  
inches. The smaller sizes are used by  
women and children, and the larger by  
men. The back of the picker is about  
four inches high. The back, sides and  
the bottom next to the back, are made  
of heavy tin. The outer part of the  
bottom is of straight steel prongs some  
six inches long, set a short distance  
apart. The operator grasps the short  
handle, and thrusts the prongs, slightly  
elevated, among the foliage of the  
bushes beneath the berries, when a  
dextrous turn of the wrist shakes off the  
ripe fruit, which rolls down into the  
tight bottom of the pan.

Skilful and able men gather in this  
way from three to four bushels per day.  
In the afternoon the berries are collected  
and drawn to the factory by the lessee,  
who takes back food and money to the  
people on the barrens. The factory pays  
the owner of the land one cent per quart  
for all the berries brought. The balance  
of the price paid goes to the lessee, who  
pays the pickers. It is not unusual for  
a two-horse team to bring in seventy-five  
bushels of berries.

The first of the pick is not canned, but  
is shipped to the large cities in crates,  
each holding thirty-two boxes. This is  
done for two reasons: First, because in  
the early part of the season, prices are  
good for raw berries; second, because  
the supply is not at first in sufficient vol-  
ume to admit of running all the depart-  
ments of the factory in an economical  
way on full time.

When the receipts at the factory reach  
200 to 300 bushels per day, the canning  
season commences. The principal fac-  
tories which may be put down as dis-  
tinctively noted for packing blueberries,  
are the Cherryfield Packing Company,  
and the J. & E. A. Wyman Packing Com-  
pany, both at Cherryfield; the Harrington  
Packing Company, at Harrington,  
and the Columbia Falls Packing Com-  
pany, at Columbia Falls. These four  
firms put up, on an average, about 30,000  
bushels each year. To this may safely  
be added 10,000, which are sold raw, from  
the State at large.

Therefore our blueberry crop at the  
present time may be conservatively stated  
as being 40,000 bushels. As the demand  
increases the volume of the business may  
be increased to almost any required ex-  
tent. It already gives employment dur-  
ing the season to hundreds of people,  
and, with the exception of materials  
used in making the cans, the proceeds  
are a clear gain to the State of Maine.

#### Only the sufferer knows the misery of

dyspepsia, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cures

the most stubborn cases of this disease.

When a man is accused of having more

money than brains, it doesn't always

follow that he is rich.

The habit of looking at the bright side

of things is worth more than a thousand

a year.

#### MODERN DRESS.

We are not so quizzical, says the  
London Telegraph, as to ask sincerity  
and earnestness from the modern art  
of dress, which has quite victoriously hid-  
den away the divine outlines of the  
feminine human form in outrageous  
"costumes" and confections, utterly de-  
stroying folds and drapery, upon the nat-  
ural grace and value of which in classic  
days the chief sculptors did not disdain  
to employ their careful chisels. Imagine  
Phidias or Praxiteles today copying a  
blouse or a divided skirt in a Pentelican  
marble! Imagine even a Hindoo or a  
Japanese lady being rather pleased and  
proud than otherwise that her French  
pompier maker had supplied her with ge-  
ramines or lilies in dried maulin which  
deceived a bee. Apelles, indeed, thought  
it legitimate to hear that the birds  
came to pick the grapes which he had  
painted on the archon's wall at  
Athens, but painting has illusion for its  
proper object. There is, we repeat,  
an unmistakable air of reproach and re-  
buke to modern fashion in this little  
anecdote of the bee at the Louvre gar-  
den party, which warned beauty and  
youth how artificial they are in the way  
of becoming, to the point of upsetting  
the orderly course of things, and mak-  
ing even the bees and butterflies suspect  
about flowers. We shall not pursue  
this line of moralizing nevertheless;  
in the first place because every line  
which could be written would but add  
to the undesired pride and complacency  
of the artificial flower makers, who will  
soon, we suppose, offer to supply our  
gardens and greenhouses, and in the  
next, because the strongest representa-  
tions of reason and of taste are vainly  
made against the mysterious goddess of  
fashion. She will go on decreeing what  
extravagance, what enormity, what bar-  
barism pleases her and her votaries—  
she has the labels and so forth, but  
nobody succeeded in making sense that  
was just like it. The rival manufacturers  
succeeded in getting decisions in their  
favor allowing them to use the  
same name and even to have similar  
coats-of-arms and labels, but the name  
of the original makers was a guarantee  
of the peculiar quality of their sauce.

One day the foreman of the big works  
had a reputation which places it in the  
front ranks of curative agents. It has been  
in the market but about ten years. It is  
now recommended by the best physi-  
cians because it cures coughs and colds  
every time. Price 35 cents.

Which of those two fellows is it that  
can't swim?

"Why, the one rocking the boat."

"Look at that old sea dog," said Uncle

George, pointing out the old sailor.

"He ain't a sea dog," said Bob. "He

runs a cat boat."

BUY \$1.00 worth Dobbins Floating-Borax

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liberty.

Has the soul of a king, and the head

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Agent (to party in knickerbockers)—

Good morning, sir. May I see the lady

of the house?

Party (severely)—I am she!

Party (over fifty years)

Mrs. Winstanley has been used by

MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their

CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PER-

FECT CURES for CHILDLIN, COLIC, COLIC,

SOFTENING THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN;

FOR DIARRHŒA. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"Do you go to church, Hopkins?"

"No, I go out in the park and sit on a

bench



## Woman's Department.

## REFINING INFLUENCE OF PRETTY ROOMS.

Children's surroundings have a great deal to do with forming their character. Our little daughters are more apt to grow up to be quiet, dainty and dignified if they have been reared in homes that are neat and tastefully furnished, and where all the work is done systematically. The refining influence of a pretty room is never lost upon them. This does not mean that the amount spent for furnishing should be a large one, for very pleasing effects may be had with a small outlay.

If the rooms need paper or kalsomine, choose some pretty, dainty color, and let everything harmonize with that. Blue, white, gray or green make a room look cool, while yellow is especially good for rooms that are not well lighted. Paint of any shade can be had already prepared, and it is an easy matter to apply it. Plain or striped scrim, chaise cloth and lace are all pretty for curtains, and the condition of your pocketbook should be your guide as to which material is chosen. Dotted swiss is also a favorite with many housewives.

The floor can be covered with matting if desired, or it can be painted and partly covered with rugs. The floor of a handsome room seen recently was oiled, and a large rug made of a remnant of ingrain carpet, with a border to match, laid in the center, leaving a margin of two feet all around it that was not covered. If you have a good smooth floor, it will look well oiled, but if it is rough or worn, paint is much better.

Two shelves fixed in the corner, one six feet, the other four feet from the floor, make a nice dressing table. Cover the top with plain, white oil cloth, and make a splash of the same material, edged with scalloped crocheted of Saxony yarn. The top is used for the washbowl and pitcher, and the shelf, which is hidden by a curtain of cretonne, stripes or dotted swiss, is used for shoes, brushes, blacking and other articles that must be put out of sight.

Many an old bedstead has been made presentable by painting it with white or some delicate color. Sand paper it very smooth, give it two coats of common house paint, then a coat of enamel. If you need a closet, put up a shelf in one corner, six feet from the floor, and place a curtain in front of it. The shelf may be used for books, vases or plaques, or it may be handy with tools, a corner cabinet may be fitted into the space between the shelf and ceiling which will make a very handsome and convenient receptacle for the various little odds and ends, with which we adorn our houses.

Have you a bed for which you would like a mattress, but do not like to spend the money necessary to get one? If you keep sheep on the farm, very likely you have a quantity of wool stored away. Take enough for a mattress and wash it through two or three hot, soapy waters. Rinse through two waters, and lay it on a sheet to dry. After it is dry, take it up by hand and pull it apart, picking out any trash or burrs that may adhere to it. Make the cover the size and shape you wish, using the tick of a medium quality, and fill it with wool, taking care to have it smooth and even. Tie it just as you would a comfort, using a long mattress needle for the work. This makes a very light and comfortable mattress, and with white pillow cases and bedspread, the bed will have a clean, neat appearance that is always attractive.

A couch is useful as well as ornamental, and may be made of a long box upholstered on the top, and covered with cretonne or other suitable material. A box underneath the top of the couch will hide the box from view. Put rollers under each corner and fasten the top on the hinges, so it can be raised whenever desired. This box will be an excellent place for quilts or other bed clothes not in use. There must be some pictures of course, and water colors, etchings, engravings and other pictures can be had at such reasonable prices, that almost any one can afford them. The frames may be simple home made ones. Water colors or other colored pictures show to the best advantage in white and gold, or white and silver frames, while an engraving will look well in a frame of natural wood.

**PLANS FOR WINDOW GARDENS.** Many plans will be made during the month for next winter's window gardens, but do not make the mistake of selecting such plants as have been blooming freely during the summer, for it is a sure fact that flowering plants cannot bloom the year around.

There are exceptions of course, but as a rule the result of such selections will be a lot of plants that look fairly well as foliage, but they will produce very few blossoms.

Plants that are intended for next winter's use should be pruned and forced to the good form, with as many blooming plants as it is possible to get. Don't let a plant run up to a single stalk that can only produce a blossom at the terminal pinch. As soon as it is of decent height pinch the top off, then as soon as the branches that start are a few inches long, pinch them back and force them to the branch.

When deciding what plants shall be raised, do not get greedy and try to save them all, but remember how much space and light can be had for them, and govern the selections accordingly. Bear in mind the fact that six well developed, finely shaped plants will be far more satisfactory than twice that number of slender, sickly, ill-formed ones.

Another thing to think about is the nature of the plants. A begonia of the "Rex" species is seldom a thing of beauty when it must be kept in a room where it will get dusty and need washing every few days. If there is a shaded north or east window, fill it with plants and expect them to thrive and bloom without stopping, but don't put there same primroses in a south window where they will get the hot and strong sunlight and expect them to do well, for they simply will not do what you expect. A third point in selecting should be to get something different from what every

one of your neighbors will have. Often people say to me, "Oh, you have a fine display, because you have so many rare plants." If by "rare" one is to understand them as meaning high-priced, or hard to get, then they are mistaken, but if they simply mean uncommon, or not generally seen, then they are right.

If chrysanthemums are being cared for as they should, the buds will need pinching out this month—leaving only the terminal bud on each branch.

Keep plants well tied up and all faded blossoms and dead leaves picked off. Failure at this point will spoil the effectiveness of the beds no matter how many blossoms there may be.

Keep a sharp lookout for insects on the plants that will be taken into the house. August seems to be the month when plants are particularly liable to be attacked by the various insect pests, and to neglect them now means to fight them all winter.

**THE PAGE THAT KILLS.** In looking up a word in the dictionary several days ago my eyes fell on the definition of "emulation"—"the act of attempting to equal or excel in qualities or actions; rivalry; desire of superiority, attended with effort to attain it."

Only the evening before, we had been talking about a little woman who was once pretty, but now has a harassed and anxious expression of countenance.

"What is the matter with her?" asked one. It was a physician who answered: "She has no disease. She is wearing herself to death by emulation of other people. The strain will kill her if she keeps it up. Nobody in this world can stay first."

His words and the dictionary definition set me to thinking. Are not many women killing themselves by this same process? And how drearily unprofitable it all is, when one considers the truth of the physician's statement that nobody in this world can stay first!

Nobody! For, strive as we may, there is always some one with a little more money, a handsomer house, more influence, or perhaps more brains. There is merit in the desire to make the best of ourselves and of the talent given us. There is no credit due her who, because of a "desire for superiority" over another, wears herself out in attempting to do that which she cannot perform.

Is this not one reason for the nervous, anxious look on the faces of our American women? They strive to dress as well as neighbors with double their income; they give entertainments that empty the never-too-full purse, and they buy furniture for which they can only pay by rigid self-denial.

Were only content as women to do, just that which we can easily afford, how much more peaceful our lives would be, how much better our children, how much more care-free and youthful our men—these American husbands, the best in the world, who cannot bear to have their wives long for things that they do, for just about that time another woman, disguised as a man, took the entire medical course at a Paris school, passed her examinations with a splendid record, and then, at the last moment, her sex was discovered and her diploma was refused.—New York Times.

**RIBBONS AGAIN.** Ribbon has resumed its old place as trimming for knock-about hats. Bows are set on nearer the back than the front, and each loop has a particular direction assigned it, and should be wired to stay. Ribbon is growing more and more popular also for dress trimmings, and it is no longer sufficient to provide one's self with a belt and stock.

The single, narrow belt ribbon will not suffice, but must be wrapped several times about the body. It is a good idea, and tied in a good-sized bow, sometimes with long ends. Since the sash has returned to favor a new sash material has been imported. It is a sort of Persian figured gauze with ribbon edge, and makes a pretty trimming for filmy dresses. Since the issue of the recent edit on the subject of sleeves there has been a great influx of shoulder trimmings to ease off that narrow effect, which we have forgotten how to admire.

Square-shaped epaulettes are the most common. They are sewed down into the arm's eye a couple of inches below the shoulder point, back and front, and stand out about six inches over the sleeve. They are often covered with lace, sometimes white, sometimes black, depending upon the other trimming. When the dress is trimmed with braid, rows of it may be sewed on the epaulettes, the stripes thus adding to the width. A yoke of lace or chiffon with bretelles of ribbon usually accompanies this style of trimming. Collars are high, especially in the back, and usually have a quilling of lace or ribbon at the sides and back.

"What is your balm of youth?" asked a thin little woman of her big, jolly friend, who had at least ten more birthdays to her credit, yet looked ten years younger than the anxious questioner. "I sleep eight hours a night; I eat wholesome food only, and plenty of it, and I never worry," was the reply. "Wholesome recipe!"

**How Is It Possible?** You can't see how mince meat, as good as any made at home, can be sold for 10 cents a package (enough for 2 large pies).

**The Reason's Plain.** Many carloads of the materials for None Such Mince Meat are bought at one time, at first hands. All the paring, chopping, seeding, stemming and cleaning are done by perfect machinery. Such immense quantities are sold that a mite of profit on each package of

IVORY SOAP  
IT FLOATS

Keep the refrigerator clean. Use hot water, a cake of Ivory Soap (it leaves no odor) and a clean scrubbing brush; scrub the sides, corners, racks, outlet pipe and drip cup; rinse with cold water and wipe dry.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

## A WHEAT BASKET.

It has the Wherewithal to Make a Silk Waist New.

Women who wear the fancy silk waists will tell you of missing hooks and eyes and frayed edges. There is a stitch always to be taken, and part of the fun of the summer is in a basket with all the silks for putting in the stitch in time. Any spreading basket big enough to hold a folded waist



answers the purpose. It should be ruffled with soft material like tulle, and the ruffle is long enough to be folded across the waist to protect it from dust so much the better.

A dressmaker lays down these rules for mending a silk waist: Use ravelings when you can. Sew from the underside. Do not turn over edges, but darn flat and trust to careful pressing. If a bone begins to show through, do not mend, but cut off the bone an inch. If the silk wears out around the hooks and eyes, move them along over so little. Make a virtue of worn seams by applying black feather stitching, and remember that a silk waist is good as long as the upper parts of the sleeves remain. Plastron, checker, lace cuffs and careful mending make a new waist for you.—Exchange.

## Looking Backward.

It is almost incredible that barely 50 years ago Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell was being told by two eminent physicians of the day, both warm friends of hers, that she could get into no medical college in propria persona. "It is no use trying," said one; a Quaker; "the most disguise yourself as a man to gain entrance to the schools." The other went even further on the same lines, for after suggesting the same idea, he promised to smuggle her into college and keep her secret for her. Dr. Blackwell refused these methods, and it is probably as well that she did, for just about that time another woman, disguised as a man, took the entire medical course at a Paris school, passed her examinations with a splendid record, and then, at the last moment, her sex was discovered and her diploma was refused.—New York Times.

**Vell Pins.** A great variety of vell pins are worn. They consist of a bar with a chain hanging from it that holds a ball into the point of the pin is caught when fastened. It is used to gather the top part of the veil and to fix it on to the hat. The pin is either straight or twisted, in plain or chased gold, with additions of gems. It may be made in the shape of a sprig of flowers, a narrow leaf or a lizard. The chain may be a light garland, etc.

Two jeweled bands are worn on the collar of a dress in a way to look like a tight necklace broken in front and at the back, a handsome band being fastened at each of the two empty spaces.—Jewelry's Circular.

**The Queen of Chuchawalla.** Mrs. Hendsh, known among the Colorado miners as the "queen of Chuchawalla," has earned over \$1,000,000, and she lives in the Chuchawalla mountains, 45 miles northeast of Salton, Colo. She is her own geologist, assayer, inspector and superintendent; she does her own mining, and she has a chief mine in her Graphe shaft, which yields steadily \$125 to \$160 per ton.

Mrs. Hendsh has a beautiful home at Riverside, Cal., and is a woman of charm and culture. In her home she wears the most beautiful, dainty gowns, and when in her mines she dons the proper apparel for such work.—Exchange.

**An Able Woman.** Mrs. Frances A. G. Rahm, chairman of the domestic science and salesroom committee of the woman's board of the Tennessee centennial, is a very able woman, of much experience in philanthropic, literary, patriotic and reform work. She is an excellent financier, and when she assumes such a place in an enterprise it means success. She and her coworkers have made a success of the Day home for working women's children. She is the Andrew Jackson of the Ladies' Hermitage association and has always been a staunch woman suffragist.

**A New Pretty Gown.** The Duchess of Mifflid is the name of a new and pretty French gown made with a pointed bodice, to which the skirt is gathered in fine, close shirtings. The neck of the bodice is cut a la pompadour, and the sleeves are shirred from wrist to elbow, with a moderately full top. The front and sides of the skirt are closely gored, almost in sheath shape, and the back portion is exceedingly full. Venetian or other rich lace is draped on the shoulders and carried in graceful cascades down each side of the square opening of the bodice.

**The New Sleeve.** The florentine and the courtoisette, says a fashion writer, are leading favorites among new sleeves. The latter is wrinkled up the entire arm, with triple frills of the dress material falling over the sleeves on the shoulders. The florentine model is like the feathered frill of an Indian chief, with a tiny gathered frill of the rippled material following the outside seam of the close sleeve from the wrist far above the elbow. This model has a short, full puff at the top.

**A Japanese Room.** A Japanese room is an interesting thing to plan and a cool place to be in when completed. First of all decorate the walls, and this may be done in light green Japanese crepe, stretched from floor to ceiling from slight bamboo rods, which are fastened at the corners. A wainscoting may be a broad strip of green and tan matting or of the deep sage green sort, enlivened by darts of color of the Japanese so well known for to intermingle in their fabrics. The doors may be hung with some legendary picture or a small item, and the floor with a few subdued Dantesque rugs. Only a few pieces of furniture are needed, bamboo at that. Stools, a sofa table, a bookshelf and hanging cabinet comprise the necessities. Of course there should be the indispensable silk bit of brilliant, embroidered Japanese and the big bronze vase with its idol base.—New York World.

**Dyed Eyelashes.** There is really no limit to the things a woman will do when she sets out to beautify herself, and there never will be a limit till the most artistically beautiful woman ceases to be the most admired. Just now Washington women are following a fad which is not only foolish, but dangerous as well. They are dyeing their eyelashes. No matter what the color of your hair and eyebrows may be, it is the fad of the moment to shade your eyes with lashes of jet. They are supposed to lend clearness to the eyes and to increase their apparent size. Even the hands of a contented "happy doctor" the process is dangerous, and when the novice attempts to do it for herself the result is often a series of painful visits to the oculist, as many a girl has discovered to her sorrow.—Washington Letter.

**Mrs. Carrie Murray.** Mrs. Carrie Murray is the president of the Anti-Suffrage league in San Francisco, and she advances the usual arguments in favor of her views. "We urge upon women," she said, "that their place is not at the polls and in political conventions, but is in the home, looking after the household duties and the rearing of children. They should advise husbands and sons and fathers whom to vote for—the individual candidate, I mean—but they ought not to vote themselves. They ought to advise their husbands and sons to vote for the best man always, be he Democrat or Republican or nonpartisan. I myself am nonpartisan. It is the home that women should try to make better, and not politics."

**The Shopping Bag.** The leather waist belt or satchel is being entirely superseded by the more capacious and altogether more convenient silk or satin shopping bag. A handsome bag is of heavy black satin, and is one-half a yard deep by three-eighths of a yard wide. It is lined with changeable red or blue silk, and is finished at the bottom by a broad band of black passementerie. The drawing strings at the top of the bag are of black grosgrain ribbon. The receptacle is so large that it holds the owner's purse and many small parcels when she goes shopping, or if she means to "take in" a matinee before she returns home the ample reticule holds her opera glasses, extra handkerchief, gloves, etc.

**Autumn Fabrics.** Among the fabrics that will be in great use this autumn, says a New York fashion writer, are handsome silk and wool mixtures in checks and stripes; caracul, a silk and mohair mixture; caracul, a Panama weave with mohair and silk; jacquard mohair and silk; Scotch cloth, a pretty silk and wool textile; bonette leuco and some handsome English serges, very flexible and glossy, showing some exceptionally rich and attractive autumn dyes; also French mohairs in new weaves and colorings.

**Talking Instead of Dancing.** Mme. Adam, well known as editor of The Parisian Nouvelle Revue, insists that the musicals that have of late years become so popular in the French capital have materially injured conversation. She intends to gather about her the 80 or 40 women still in Paris who, in her opinion, can converse, and, in accordance with this design, inscribes her invitations with the words "To talk," instead of with the stereotyped word "Music!" or "Dancing."—Paris Letter.

**Lines of all colors, embroidered and bound with white galloon, is very much used for pockets and cases for night-dresses and toilet purposes. A traveling case of this style in green, embroidered in white, is a very pretty and useful present at this season of the year.**

The whites of eggs are said to be good for the complexion, the summer girl uses them to clean her white straw hats, and now some one says they are the best thing in the world for freshening up a leather traveling bag.

Marie Corelli has invented a bicycle skirt of a style that will never be adopted by the American girl. It has shaped spaces at the knees like riding habit, and consequently looks hideous when walking.

The women of Suva, in the Fiji islands, have now organized several women's clubs and church societies in a country where cannibalism existed a quarter of a century ago.

Following the example of Mary Anderson, Ellen Terry has begun her memoirs. It is rumored that Bernhardt is buying herself in her leisure moments to the same end.

As a finish to the pretty brass bedsteads which are almost exclusively used in country houses the old fashioned canopy of flowered chintz has been revived.

The expenses of the queen's household are \$172,500.

## Young Folks' Column.

## A BANK RUN BY CHILDREN.

The most unique banking institution in the world is located in St. Louis. It is the W. C. Lindsey & Sons Banking Company, and no one connected with it in an executive capacity, except the president, is over nine years of age.

Robert T. Lindsey, the cashier, is the youngest official of that sort anywhere. The institution is conducted on as strict business principles and its finances are as close and keen attention as if its capital was \$1,000,000 instead of \$1,000.

The president of the bank is W. C. Lindsey, father of the cashier. A little over a year ago Mr. Lindsey conceived that it would be a splendid idea if he could devise some scheme whereby his boys could be taught to save money. He decided to form a little bank for his children, teach them all the intricacies of banking, and encourage the desire to save money into their minds, so that when they grew up to be men they would be sure to hang on to some part of whatever of the world's goods they succeeded in getting their hands on.

So interested did he become that he began to agitate the plan, and one of his friends who heard of it while on the way to New York outlined the scheme to a newspaper reporter. A small item was printed about it in the papers, and in a few days Mr. Lindsey began receiving applications from the parents of little ones in various parts of the country, asking that their children might be allowed to take stock in the juvenile bank. He readily consented, and on February 1, the W. C. Lindsey & Sons Banking Company was formed, with a capital stock of \$100 on the basis of \$1 a share, and an office at No. 807 Washington avenue, St. Louis.

Like most promoters, Mr. Lindsey, who for years has been cashier for a large wholesale house, installed himself as president. Young Robert Lindsey was made cashier and Louis H. Lindsey vice president. The board of directors consisted of these three officers and Richard W. Lindsey, W. C. Lindsey, Jr., Harrison Givens, Columbia, Mo.; Martin Hardwick, Springfield, Mo.; and Everett L. Amis, St. Louis.

Everything was immediately placed on a business basis. The boys were soon taught the theory and of the commercial maze so that they understood it better by far than the majority of grown people who have not a speaking acquaintance with bank accounts. After that Mr. Lindsey's position became merely advisory. The bank has never done any speculative or investment business. It has confined itself to loaning money at an enormous rate of interest to clerks in the wholesale houses along Washington avenue and in the immediate vicinity.

They charged on all loans 10 per cent a month or any fraction thereof. If a young man wanted to take his best girl to the theater he could apply to the W. C. Lindsey & Sons Banking Company and get the necessary funds to do it with, paying 25 cents for the privilege. Security on real and personal property was required, so that losses were guarded against. At such a rate it can readily be seen that the bank was a paying institution.

There are stockholders in twenty States of the Union. It is agreed that none of the stockholders can draw his money until he has reached the age of twenty years. He may sell or give away his stock, but the money must remain in the bank's possession until the person to whom it belongs become of age.

## SOMETHING GOT AWAKE.

Little Ted was marching down the garden with a lusty tramp, tramp, which looked very much as though he was in earnest about something, and did not care for a few specks of dust upon his shoes. In his hand he held a stick, with a strong grip upon it.

Before and all around him stretched long borders and neatly kept beds of flowers, but Ted was facing toward a particular bed, which was the special property of his sister Annie. "Ted will smash 'em all down," he muttered to himself, as he went along, his little eyes almost snapping sparks of fire, and his small fingers clenching the stick still tighter. "She needsn't to have stepped on Ted's bed and broke down her pretty flowers. Ted will break her's and make her mad."

And with this muttered threat, his feet turned aside from the beaten path, and he tramped, tramped, tramped down a side court toward the poor, beleaguered flower bed. He was facing toward the bed and the stick was raised partly over his head, ready after he had taken a step or two more, to fall upon the object of his destruction, when suddenly something got awake inside of Tom's bosom, and his gingham apron, a vest which he had never worn, seemed to speak to him, saying: "Ted mustn't; it's naughty. And he'll mean to. Be a good boy and forgive her."

He halted just where he was, but he was not yet ready to give up. Again the little fingers might have been seen renewing their grip upon the stick, and the flush of anger came back upon his little face, and the threatening movement of the instrument of destruction, which was held over the heads of the flowers, was renewed, when the thing within him which had so suddenly awakened up showed itself more wide awake than ever.

"No, no!" it seemed to say to him. "Don't! It will be very wrong. Mamma will be angry. You'll feel mean when you say your prayers to-night, and Annie will break her heart crying."

The next moment the stick dropped to the ground, and with a quick, retreating movement two little feet sped back over the garden walk and never paused until they stood by mamma's side in the kitchen.

"Why, Ted?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Where have you been, and what's the matter with my little boy?" "Been in the garden," said Ted promptly, "to smash Annie's flowers."

"O Ted!" said her reproving voice. "You didn't?" "No, mamma, I was going to, but I didn't. Something got awake in me, and wouldn't let me; so I ran back to you, and now I can say my prayers to-night and not feel mean about it."

Then mamma began to understand that her little boy, for the first time, consciously perhaps, had encountered and overcome the great enemy of every human soul—temptation.—J. F. Cowan in Christian Guide.

## UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie turning to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran toward home."

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"Oh Uncle Phil!" cried Archie.

"Yes. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground."

"But I knew it was in a strong current. I screamed and carried him down the stream, but no men were near to help me."

"But as I went down the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. It was Roy. He saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said, 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil—"the best dog I ever saw. I have never been talking to a dog, or to any other animal since, and I hope you will never be."

## A LITTLE BARONESS.

She is England's Youngest Peeress, Being Only Two Years of Age.

There is in England a small peeress, for whom the queen has gone out of her way and done a remarkable thing in order that this little girl may enjoy her full rights when she gets bigger.

She is Mona Josephine Tempest Stapleton, elder daughter of the late Baron Beaumont, who was accidentally killed in the hunting field about a year ago. The peeress is only two years of age, and after the death of her father the barony fell into abeyance. The queen, however, has very graciously revived it.

This is not the first time the Beaumont barony has been in abeyance.

Once before, in the reign of Henry VII, it fell into abeyance, and so remained for 333 years, and was then revived; so that this is the second time the queen of England has taken the same action for the same family.

The diminutive peeress comes of one of the oldest families in England. It started with Henry de Beaumont, who is supposed to be a grandson of John de Brienne, the last king of Jerusalem. Henry de Beaumont went to England. The crown made him king of the isle of Man for life, and March 4, 1809, he was summoned to parliament as a baron of England.

## How a Boy May Make a Barometer.

There is no reason why every boy should not possess a barometer of his own, which he will find not only endlessly useful in planning his little holiday trips, but which will afford him infinite interest as well.

All he has to do is to take a gram each of camphor, saltpeter and ammonia salts and dissolve them in about 15 drams of alcohol. When the dissolution is complete, shake the mixture well and pour it into a glass bottle. One rather long for its width is preferred. Cork tightly and seal with wax. The barometer is now ready for use.

Expose this improvised barometer on the outside of the window, on the north side of the house, if possible, and the crystallizations which are produced announce a change in the weather.

Absolute clearness of the liquid denotes fair weather.

If the liquid becomes disturbed, or, as we say, it is a sign of rain.

If downy masses form in the bottom of the bottle, it will freeze, or at least the mercury in the thermometer will descend. The more these masses rise toward the top the more rigorous will the cold become.

Little stars in the liquid foretell a hard storm.

Large flakes are a sign of cloudy weather or of snow.

Threadlike objects in the top of the bottle indicate wind.

**His Idea.** "That are you going to be, dear Jack. When you're quite grown up?" I said.

"Will you be a lawyer, like papa, or a soldier, like Uncle Ned?"

He shook his curly head and smiled:

"I don't know, I think I'm a quaker."

Papa wanted to be a lawyer.

When he might be a pioneer.

"A pioneer, dear liddle!" I cried.

Why, how brave and bold you must be. But if you mean, you must come back home. Your poor little mother to see."

"Oh, I'll not go far away," he cried.

"I can do it as well at home."

I don't think when I'm a pioneer.

"I should think that a pioneer," he said.

With smiling eyes.

"That a pioneer would have to do something or other with pie."

—Vivian Sheard in St. Nicholas.

## WOMEN DISCOURAGED.

## GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REASONS FOR THE BLUES.

Doctors Fail to Understand Symptoms That Are Danger Signals.

A marked trait in woman's character is to place implicit confidence in her physician.

A man must work entirely from theory in the treatment of female diseases, for unfortunately facts based upon actual knowledge, belong to the female sex alone. Many women who periodically suffer with attacks of faintness, dizziness, extreme lassitude, "don't care" or want-to-be-left-alone feeling, do not at first realize that these are the infallible symptoms of womb trouble and the forerunners of great suffering.

Soon they grow to feel that the doctor does not understand their case. Then they remember that "a woman best understands a woman's ills," and turn to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter is but one positive illustration of this fact:—

"Four years ago I began to suffer with great weakness of the generative organs. My womb was prolapsed; I suffered with continual backache and all the other pains that accompany that weakness. I tried doctor after doctor, had operations, but final operation which I became a total wreck, was scraping of the womb. A friend, one day, recommended to my husband your Compound. He bought me a bottle. The relief I experienced after taking it, was wonderful. I continued its use, and I am glad to say my recovery is a perfect surprise to everybody that knows me."—MRS. R. BLUM, 490 San Francisco Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

**MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.**

## Arrangement of Trains in Effect June 11, 1896.

**FOR BANGOR:** Leave Portland, 11.10 A. M., 12.50 P. M., 1.10 P. M., 1.25 P. M., 1.40 P. M., 2.00 P. M., 2.15 P. M., 2.30 P. M., 2.45 P. M., 3.00 P. M., 3.15 P. M., 3.30 P. M., 3.45 P. M.,











**Poetry.**  
**OLD FRIENDS.**  
There are no friends like old friends,  
And none so good and true,  
We greet them when we meet them  
As roses greet the dew.  
No other friends are dearer,  
Though born of kindred mold,  
And while we prize the new ones,  
We treasure more the old.  
There are no friends like old friends,  
Whom we do dwell on,  
In lands beyond the ocean  
Or near the bounds of home,  
And when they smile to gladden  
Or sometimes frown to guide,  
We fondly wish those old friends  
Were always by our side.  
There are no friends like old friends  
To help us through the loss,  
That all must bear who journey  
O'er life's uneven road,  
And when unconquered sorrow  
The weary hours divide,  
The kindly words of old friends  
Are always found beside.  
There are no friends like old friends  
To calm our frequent fears,  
When shadows fall and deepen  
Through life's declining years,  
And when our faltering footsteps  
Approach the great divide,  
We'll long to meet the old friends  
Who wait the other side.  
—David Banks Slickie

**THE LOST CHILDREN OF THE CITY.**  
[A scene at the station house.]  
"Leave her behind, all ye who enter here,"  
"As the old Florence upon the gate  
Of endless night behind those words of fate,  
Do darken thy thought as we draw near,  
These hours are meant to pray or suffering  
But, lo! like flowers that on fire's pathway  
To comfort laden with waste and desolate,  
How the lost children light these shadows  
Dread!"  
As thinking springs that on a sudden greet  
The traveler in wild, rock and sea,  
Do rise the tones of childish laughter sweet—  
Of little ones beguiled of grief and fear,  
Then seems some tender echo to repeat,  
"There yet is hope, all ye who enter here!"  
—Edith M. Thomas in Century.

**THE LITTLE CLOUD.**  
A cloud has come between us—no more I  
Have dared, dear, to ask the reason why.  
The little cloud has come between us—no more I  
Feel it threaten all our joy to shroud.  
O heart of mine, remember that love's skies  
Are but reflections of your own eyes!  
The little cloud that fills me with tears  
Is born, my dear, dear heart, of love's tears.  
You weep—no say you know not why and yet  
When misty eyes meet mine, love's sun has set!  
Love, if you love me, let no cloudlet  
Alight on my heart, nor near my bed.  
Let of a tear be a cloud, a doubt  
To grow and grow till joy be blotted out!  
—Mary Norton Bradford in St. Louis Republic.

**Our Story Teller.**

**A WOMAN'S COURAGE.**

"My God, Colonel, we're surrounded! Morgan's men are on us!"  
It was in 1863, at the time when John Morgan and his famous band of guerrillas were raiding the country, pillaging, burning and striking terror to all the country round about, that a little band of Union men, about 600, a detachment of General Lewis Wallace's division, who had been left to protect supplies at a point in Kentucky near the Ohio line, were surprised and surrounded by Ellsworth's division of Morgan's men.  
A sergeant dashed without ceremony into headquarters with the startling news. There was no time for delay. The outposts had reported the simultaneous appearance of lines of mounted men springing like ghosts from all points of the compass.  
"Morgan's devils? That means trouble," cried the colonel. Here, Crawford, wire Cincinnati for reinforcements.  
Back came the answer:  
"Special train, 2,000 men, south bound, pass you in an hour. Stop them."  
Preparation for defense were useless. The guerrillas began to close in and the bluecoats found themselves outnumbered five to one. But there appeared to be no intention on the part of the raiders to press a fight. They amused themselves by slowly riding around the camp and setting slow fire to the supports of railroad bridges over the river near the camp. This gave the Union boys no little alarm. Some one must get through the lines and flag the train.  
"Who will volunteer to run the gantlet?" asked the commander.  
He looked at the circle of brave men around him. There was a pause. It meant almost certain death.  
"I will go," cried one.  
"What, you, Crawford?"  
"Yes, here, give me the flag."  
Frank Crawford was no coward, but in a tent adjacent headquarters lay a handsome brown eyed woman, his wife, and by her side a bright little baby boy, born under the old flag but four days before. Near by an old colored nurse was comforting a 3-year-old lad who was frightened by the noise without. The husband and father choked back the emotions which threatened to shake his brave purpose, and after a hasty embrace and parting kiss rushed out of the tent.  
The guerrillas were riding around outside, keeping close watch over every movement in camp. Stealthily Crawford moved along, watching for an unguarded point at an opportune moment. Mrs. Crawford was as brave as her husband. Rising from her bed, she staggered to the door of the tent just in time to see him captured. Her heart stood still for a moment; then, quick as a flash, she turned, pressed her babe to her bosom for an instant, then glided out and across the camp between the tents, like a white robed specter. Headless of danger, she hurried on, the excitement giving her strength.  
The soldiers stood aghast as the woman rushed past them. Ahead were the bridges, and clouds of smoke were slowly rolling skyward from the rebel fires beneath.  
"Halt!" The order rang out above the din.  
The determined woman paid no attention to the command.  
"Fire!" A cloud of bullets fell on all sides. She heeded them not, but ran on, her long black hair flying about her shoulders and her loose gown and bare feet giving her the appearance of an insane woman. She reached the bridge and leaped from it to the river bank. Beyond was a second bridge. Could she make it? It was burning underneath. She could see the flames leaping up around the beams. She grew dizzy. She

dared not look down. Everything was getting black. With superhuman strength she gathered herself for the final effort. Another beam was reached, another, one more. Thank God, she was over!  
Her foot had scarcely left the last beam when, crash! the whole structure collapsed. Horrified and stunned by the effect of her narrow escape, for a moment she was powerless to move. Then she heard the whistle of the locomotive as it rounded the curve. Springing forward, followed by the angry and disappointed cries of her pursuers, and grasping the little red skirt of her baby, which she had picked up from the floor of the tent as she left, she rushed it, and summoning all her remaining strength, waved it frantically above her head. A rifle shot rang out, and the brave woman fell, pierced by a rebel bullet.  
The signal was seen. The train with its precious freight was stopped almost at the brink of the ravine.  
On the side track in front of the engine lay she who had risked her life to save the soldiers. White and still was the upturned face, as though death had laid his hand upon her. Tenderly the silent figure was carried into a car and laid upon a hastily constructed cot, and gentle hands ministered to her needs.  
Meanwhile a dramatic scene was being enacted not far away. General Ellsworth had ridden up to the top of a knoll above the camp where he could command a view of all that passed below. Crawford, the operator, had been strapped to the back of a horse and was being carried, surrounded by a crowd of raiders, to their chief.  
The lawlessness of Morgan's men had caused a general order from Union headquarters to be posted all over the country announcing that any one caught deserting property would be shot on sight. Captain Crawford, afterward breveted colonel, was detailed to post the notices, thereby gaining the hatred of the raiders, who only wanted an opportunity to vent their revenge on him. The opportunity now presented itself, and as they drew near the general removed his fieldglass from his eyes and surveyed the prisoner.  
"Who is he?"  
A corporal advanced and saluted.  
"A Union soldier, sir."  
"Where did you get him?"  
"Caught attempting to run through the lines with a flag. I think he wanted to flag some train."  
"Lieutenant, detail ten men and have him shot."  
As the lieutenant turned to obey the order something familiar about the prisoner attracted the attention of the general.  
"Say, fellow, what's your name?" he inquired.  
"Crawford," came the answer.  
The general started.  
"What did you say, Crawford? Your first name, man, quick!"  
"Frank."  
The general looked again into the prisoner's face.  
"My God, Frank, is it you?" he said, and as the situation dawned on him he continued:  
"This is too bad."  
Crawford, in surprise, surveyed his captor for a moment and recognized an old school chum and companion.  
"Why, Ellsworth, I didn't know you!" he exclaimed.  
"Here, lieutenant, take good care of this man. I'll attend to his case later," said the general as he hastily turned away and resumed his inspection of the scene below. Scarcely had he put his glass to his eyes when he beheld the fleeing figure fall before the halting train. This was the signal for action among the rebels. With a few sharp commands the troops formed in retreating order and were soon lost to view in a cloud of dust.  
Hours passed and the little woman, once more in camp, showed signs of returning life. Suddenly she opened her eyes.  
"What is that?" she gasped.  
"Be quiet," replied the nurse. "It is nothing. You have been ill and must remain quiet."  
"No, no, it is calling me," she persisted, raising herself with much difficulty upon her arm. "I must go and see what he wants."  
"She must rest out of her mind," thought the nurse as she gently tried to persuade the sick woman to remain still.  
"There it is again, calling, calling."  
"What is calling?"  
"The telephone instrument. You must take me to it. It is my husband's private call. There, don't you hear it?"  
In an adjoining tent on an improvised desk the telephone tickler merrily clicked away its dots and dashes. Thinking only to humor her, the nurse called a couple of stalwart soldiers and the cot with its precious burden was carried close to the instrument.  
Tremblingly her fingers sought the key. Her husband had taught her its use and given her a peculiar call by which she could always recognize him. It was this call, the presence of his thought, that had called her spirit back to earth.  
"Who is it?" she ticked.  
"Friend—foe—friend—foe," came the answer.  
"What do you want?"  
"Mrs. Crawford."  
"This is she. What is it?"  
"I, General Ellsworth, saw your brave deed from the hill where I stood," came the message, "and, although I had previously commanded that your husband be shot, you need have no fear. I will spare his life for your sake. Goodbye!"  
She sank back on the cot exhausted, tears filled her eyes and a faint "Thank God!" escaped her lips as she was carried back to her tent.  
The guerrillas had made a hasty retreat, taking Crawford with them, and were now 20 miles away, camping for the night.  
The hatred against Crawford was so bitter that General Ellsworth could not pardon him, but that night, under the cover of darkness and in charge of a secretly instructed officer, Crawford was mounted on the fleetest horse in camp, with the instructions from the general to "ride like a horse."  
He obediently obeyed, for he was not seen again by the rebel soldiers. Nine days after he joined his wife and babies at Union headquarters. It was a happy reunion, and as soon as Mrs. Crawford was able to leave her bed, she was given by the officers in their honor, at the Burnett House, in Cincinnati.  
By a strange coincidence, that was the very day Morgan and his men were captured, and the prisoners were made to pass in review before the hotel en route to prison.—Detroit News.

**"OUR NAME—FAMILIAR IN THE MOUTH AS HOUSEHOLD WORDS."**  
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**PFEIFER'S TRIUMPH.**  
Pfeifer was a sergeant of marines, a fine, big, soldierly fellow, with a long, tawny mustache and wide open blue eyes that gave him the stolid German face of a frank, honest look, indicative of his character. It was in his service in the German army, before he left the fatherland for a new home in the "land of the free," that his broad, sturdy shoulders were "set up" in such soldierly fashion. He was a sergeant in the "emperor's" army, and afterward, when he came out to America and enlisted in the navy, he found service as a Jacky rather distasteful. The brief authority he had had as a sergeant had unfitted him a little for life in the ranks again, and although he was a good seaman and a faithful Jacky he grumbled under his breath once in awhile because the chance of advancement was so small and promotion so slow.  
So, when his term was up, Pfeifer did not re-enlist. But he found after a little that he could not keep out of the service, and so he held up his hand beside his bare head and swore again to uphold the constitution and the government of the United States, but this time it was as a member of the marine corps, "a bloomin' jolly soldier and sailor too."  
In the marine corps Pfeifer found that his service in the other two arms helped him very much. He was as steady as a rock and as faithful as both. He knew the regulations backward, and all the requirements and duties of every man and officer in the corps. So when his rapid promotion landed him as a sergeant, he slid into the routine of his duties as easily and as smoothly as a seal slips off a backing rock into the sea.  
The warship went on her cruise and made her assignment to duty which made him very happy. He was detailed to command a detachment of marines on a United States warship under orders to patrol the Bering sea on the lookout for seal poachers.  
There are no superfluous officers in the marine corps, and it sometimes happens that a sergeant has command of a small detachment on such duty. Pfeifer was a simple, straightforward, earnest man, and he was put through their drills and work with a thorough exactness which surprised some of them and made them a little inclined to grumble. The sergeant was a strict disciplinarian, and the men felt it, but he was not a martinet and he was enthusiastic for the service, and so the men settled down in the consciousness that Pfeifer was all right.  
The warship went on her cruise and came back again, and Pfeifer's men were the pride of his heart. In not the smallest detail had the regulations suffered by their action, and the sergeant was happy as he contemplated the report he would make to his commanding officer. Then the warship was ordered to the Mare island yard for extensive repairs.  
Now there is a time honored and glorious custom of saluting the flag when a ship goes out of commission, in which the marines who have seen service on her take the largest part. The officers and the crew go ashore, all but one Jacky. Then the marines are drawn up on the quarter deck, facing the flag which flutters from the staff at the taffrail. The solitary Jacky throws his cap on the deck and stands bareheaded with his hand on the flag halyards, ready at the word of command to haul down the starry symbol of the nation's life and power. As the Jacky goes at his work and the flag begins to sink, the officer in command of the marines shouts:  
"Present arms!"  
Up goes the gun with a rattle and a snap, and until the single Jacky has gathered the glorious flag in his arms to keep it from touching the deck as he hauls it down, every man Jack of the marines stands like a statue, with his eyes fixed on the stars and stripes and his rifle at salute. Then the marines march away. Jacky folds up the flag and tucks it in its berth, and the ship is out of commission for the time.  
Pfeifer knew every detail of the process. He could almost have told before-hand the very deck plank on which he would stand when he gave the order to salute the flag. He was all ready for the last order from the captain, but when it came it nearly knocked him down, for it was not the order he had expected. And, worse than that, it was not the proper order. The captain commanded him to take his men ashore, draw them up on the wharf and from that position to salute the flag as it fluttered down for the last time on the warship.  
Pfeifer was absolutely astounded. For a minute almost he stood like a man stunned. Then an extraordinary thing happened. The stolid German sergeant, who whom obedience to orders was as natural and as necessary as the breath of life, broke every tenet and tradition of the regulations and protested at the captain's order. All the training of his years of service deserted him, and the man who, at his captain's command, would have stood his ground to the last gun fire and after that, would have died, found that captain breaking the glorious custom of years. It was to him the revelation and the demonstration of the impossible. The whole elaborate fabric he had built out of the traditions of army, navy and marine service came tumbling about his ears. The very foundations of belief were shattered by the single command which showed the sergeant that a captain who did not know his duty was, after all, a possibility. The color went out of Pfeifer's face, and he grew deathly pale. Then he saluted and said:  
"But I beg your pardon, sir. It is not the regulation. I should salute from the quarter deck."  
The captain did not have been more surprised. It was a serious thing, indeed, when Pfeifer protested at an order. But the sergeant's objection was well grounded. It recalled the regulation to the captain, and he knew his order was a mistake. Nevertheless it was his order and he would not reverse it. He hesitated an instant and then:  
"You heard the order," he said.  
"Obey it!"  
They were standing on the main deck just outside the executive officer's office. The executive was at his desk finishing up the last of his work before going ashore. The window was open, and he heard all that was said by the captain and the sergeant. When he heard the order repeated, the executive looked out of the window. He saw Pfeifer standing, white faced and determined, facing the angry captain. The sergeant breathed in quick, short gasps, and as the executive watched he lifted his hand again in salute and said:  
"The moment my men and I are ashore, sir, we are no longer under your command. My superior officer then is the commandant of the marine barracks. If I go ashore, sir, I cannot obey your order to salute the flag, for my duty then is to report at once to my commanding officer."  
The captain's face went red and white, and he lost his grip on his temper. His voice rose to an angry shout, and he exclaimed:  
"Take your men ashore and salute the flag from the wharf!"  
Without a word Pfeifer saluted, wheeled on his heel and went away. Presently the bugle summoned the marines to fall in. Pfeifer was at their head. Down the gangplank they marched, and on the wharf they formed up.  
"Right face," shouted the sergeant.  
His well drilled men wheeled as one and stood facing the marine barracks.  
"Forward, march," commanded Pfeifer, and off the marines of the warship swung to report to the commandant of the barracks, leaving an amazed and angry Jacky standing by the halyards, with no one to salute the flag as he hauled it down.  
The captain was furious. He had been defied by a sergeant of the marines, and he meant to make Pfeifer smart for it, but he did not know that the executive had seen and heard it all. Pfeifer did.  
Pfeifer went to the marine barracks and reported, but said never a word of the captain's order. His men were not to salute the flag. The barracks hummed with the story. The men knew there would be a reckoning, and they waited impatiently for the result.  
The captain went to the admiral and told his story. The next morning Pfeifer was summoned before the admiral. There the captain confronted him. The captain was still angry. He knew down in the bottom of his heart that he had made a mistake, but he hoped to be able to force his complaint through by bluster, perhaps, if he couldn't make it by his orders. So he told his story, and he counted that his word would stand against that of an enlisted man.  
Then it was Pfeifer's turn. He gave a simple, straightforward account of what had occurred, and his honest face and soldierly bearing lent it strength. When it was finished, he added:  
"And the executive officer was in his office, sir, and he heard all that was said."  
"Orderly," said the admiral, "ask the executive officer to come here."  
The captain's jaw fell, for he saw that he was caught in a double trap. He had failed to observe the regulations, and after that he had lied about it. He waited uneasily until the executive officer came. The executive's story was as Pfeifer had told it. A scowl came over the face of the admiral.  
"You may go, sergeant," he said to Pfeifer, and when the sergeant had saluted and gone the admiral turned upon the captain and exclaimed:  
"Captain, I am ashamed of you, sir. You are the damndest fool in the United States navy. You are a disgrace to your uniform and the flag and the service. I am amazed and chagrined that you should require to be taught the regulations of your service by a sergeant of marines, and that man not a native of your country. You are a disgrace, sir, and I am ashamed of you."  
Pfeifer walked back to his quarters with his head erect and a smile under his long, tawny mustache, but in his heart there was a shade of regret, for he liked the captain, who was a gallant sailor, after all, and besides, although he had triumphed, it was through a disobedience of orders. So the matter never went any farther.—New York Sun.

**LIEUT. SWASH'S LOVE**

"In love, lieutenant!" I cried, almost starting from my seat, so greatly had he surprised me.  
My friend Swash generated a great cloud of smoke in his pipe, and it so enveloped his head that I could not see his face, deeply flushed as it must have been, and from the cloud of gray vapor came the gruff reply:  
"Yes, in love, confound it!"  
"Oh, how interesting!" exclaimed my wife, dropping her magazine and looking up at my friend and myself, whom she had always previously declared to be so uninteresting when we got together over our pipes.  
"It is not very pleasant for me," muttered Swash. He was greatly embarrassed and fixed his eyes pensively on the floor.  
"What is her name?" I asked.  
"I don't know," he answered brusquely.  
"Where does she live?" ventured my wife.  
"Don't know that," he said.  
"Where did you meet her?" said I.  
"Can't tell that either, Dockboy. Don't think I can disagree. If I could, I would gladly answer your questions. Indeed, I wish that I was able to."  
"Your case is truly a strange one," I said. "Is this young woman purely an ideal, a mental creature of your own? You have been melancholy enough of late to have been sighing for something more material."  
"She is not a mere creation of my imagination," replied the lieutenant solemnly. "She exists—where I don't know. I saw her once a great way off, and she realized all my ideals of the woman I made for me. Swash, it was I, I cried to myself: Here, Swash, is the woman you have dreamed of all these years. That soft, intellectual face, those soulful eyes, they belong to the woman you have been waiting for. Then she was gone, from where and whether I don't know, for I can't tell where I saw her."  
Swash sat in beautiful ring of smoke circling upward toward the ceiling, and on it he fixed his eyes, watching it as it swung away into the air, became thinner and thinner and finally disappeared, and where it had been he kept his gaze fixed so that it seemed that he was looking off into space, unconscious of our presence. My wife glanced meaningfully at me, as though she suspected that our visitor's mind was either permanently or temporarily deranged.  
Swash's case is really most remarkable. I said. "Explain. Don't surround yourself with such an air of mystery. It would relieve you to confide your troubles in us. Perhaps we could help you."  
"Yes, indeed," cried my wife enthusiastically. "Perhaps we can help you."  
Swash started. "Ah, yes. Where did I leave off? Perhaps you can—indeed, yes."  
"Perhaps we can assist you," I repeated.  
"I think not, Dockboy," he said, having recovered himself. "For my case is truly remarkable. I have swept the skies with a telescope and cannot find her. I have walked the streets day and night, scrutinizing thousands of windows, and still have not a trace of her. You see, I saw her under the most peculiar circumstances, but see her I did, and I lost my heart. From a satisfied bachelor of 60 I have been metamorphosed into a lover, disappointed, unhappy—I can't get a word to fit my case."  
"Your use of a telescope is queer," I interrupted. "I have suspected all along that you saw her in the skies."  
"You have guessed my secret," he said mournfully. "It happened that one night about a month ago I was walking down Broadway on the way home to my boarding house," continued my friend. "It seems to me that I had been up here to see you. At Fortieth street, as I luck would have it, I ran across one of those itinerant astronomers who had set up a telescope on the pavement and hung out a small sign calling attention to the fact that Saturn and its rings could be seen for 5 cents. Business looked dull and I kind of pitied the poor fellow. It had never been my fortune to gaze at Saturn and his rings, so I stepped up, gave him a nickel and fixed my eye on the end of the instrument. At first all was blackness. 'I can see any rings,' said I. 'See here!'"  
And with that he began to turn a lot of screws. The blackness gave way to a hazy, gray light, that I suspected was from a theater across the street, but I said nothing and strained my optic nerve to make out the planet. It was of no use. I withdrew my eye and was disappointed. The astronomer then discovered that the telescope was pointed wrong, and he looked through it, lowered one end and gave it a turn.  
"My eye was at the instrument again, but no change was visible in the make up of the heavens beyond a marked increase of light. Once more I complained, and the man declared I must be misinformed. 'Look harder,' he said, giving the machine a little twist. As I looked harder, but instead of Saturn I saw clearly a woman—my ideal, she whom for years I had pictured in my smoking moments. There she was, sitting at a window, one arm resting on the sill, her hand on her chin, her eyes looking directly into mine. Even in the half light every feature was clearly discernible. There was the soft black hair waving around a white forehead, the eyes, deep and full of immeasurable good things, the nose, the mouth—everything that I had been seeking for. I gave an exclamation of joy.  
"You see her now, sir? Does the thing sound good?" This remark from the astronomer brought to mind a forgotten fact. I saw her through a telescope. Where was that window that I could seek her out? I had found her. Better never to have seen her than under such appalling conditions. There she was, gazing calmly at me from the other end of a long tube. I could almost touch her and reached out my hand.  
"Hold on, there!" cried the astronomer. "You'll upset the machine."  
"My involuntary movement to embrace what was not there did indeed disarrange the apparatus, and so badly that she disappeared, and where she had been a star was twinkling at me. As if I cared for stars!"  
I paid for one more look at Saturn, but could find nothing. In vain I swept the skies and the house tops and windows with the telescope and with my naked eye. She had vanished. I went home disconsolate. As surely as I sit here, Dockboy, I saw her. It was not a hallucination. She was sitting in a real window within the range of that telescope, but where I don't know and perhaps never will know. My ideal has become a reality, but under what trying circumstances. Do you wonder that I am miserable?"  
"I surely do not," I said, "if what you have said is true and not a mere imagination."  
"How romantic!" cried my wife. Lieutenant Swash sighed.  
"Come," I said, rising from my chair, "we will go together, and perhaps I can help you. I will have a look at Saturn."  
Not long afterward my friend and I were at the corner from which he had viewed his ideal in the flesh. The itinerant astronomer was there, too, with his telescope pointed heavenward in readiness for use. He greeted my companion pleasantly and apparently had been expecting him.  
"Maybe you'll see that planet you've been looking for tonight," he said.  
"I've cleaned off the lenses so they'll work better."  
"Planet! Beautiful luminary rather," muttered the lieutenant, stopping and screwing his eye into an end of the telescope. "I can see nothing but blackness now. Lower the other end just a little—there." He began adjusting screws with the skill of one initiated into the mysteries of the heavens. While he searched the skies above and the house tops for miles about I scanned the heavens, the house tops and the windows with my naked eye, and with my naked eye I accomplished more than he.  
"Allow me to try the glass," I said.  
"My dear fellow," he cried, "it is of no use. If I can't find it, after searching every night for weeks, you can't. There is nothing in sight. It's only a question of patience, of waiting until it again appears."  
"Let me try," I said peremptorily.  
He acceded to my request. With the assistance of the astronomer I got the instrument in the desired position, fixed my eye to it and focused it.  
"Pshaw," cried Swash impatiently, "you're looking right down Broadway."  
"There's electric lights, sir, not planets," ventured the astronomer politely. These remarks had no effect on me. I bided my time. At length it came.  
"Swash, don't be excited," I said, "but just fix your eye here."  
"It's she again," he cried before he had his optic thoroughly adjusted.  
"You're right, Dockboy; we've got her. Now mark where the telescope points to. Don't lose it. Get the direction."  
"Have you read what is below the window?" said I.  
"Jove!" he muttered. "Miss Mary Mumps, the actress, writes, 'I have used Dr. Hoaxer's harmless hair tonic and find it perfection.'"  
"We've got her, Swash. We'll spot a window with that sign—why, confound it, she's gone!"  
Swash straightened up and seized my hand.  
"Dockboy," he whispered so the astonished astronomer would not hear, "I've found her, thanks to you. I can spot her window by that sign if it's within ten miles. Miss Mary Mumps, the actress!"  
"Look again," I said quietly, "and tell me what you see."  
Once more he looked, but only for a second.  
"Confound it!" he cried. "Am I crazy? I saw a girl in a bicycle and under it letters saying that if you bike you should ride a Duster."  
"Gentlemen," interrupted the astronomer, "I'm afraid you ain't seen Saturn nor no other planet. You was looking at that advertising canvas down Broadway."  
Lieutenant Swash has gone to the country for a few days.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**RELEASE OF A GYPSY MOTH.**  
A Caroline Frenchman's Experiments Have Led to Trouble.  
On a certain ill omened day in 1869 a gentle breeze rippled through the streets of a quiet town in eastern Massachusetts. It left chimneys unharmed and hardly ruffled a tree, yet if it had been a cyclone it could hardly have done more damage, for in a bare little frame tenement house on a side street stood Pandora's box of all troubles waiting to be spread broadcast over the land, and the breeze furnished the needed key. Presently the owner of the house and of Pandora's box, a Frenchman, known to his neighbors for his curious experiments in silk raising and for his absorption in the study of strange insects, was seen searching anxiously in the grass outside his window. People who saw him said that he seemed much disturbed at the failure of his quest. Well might he be, for he had just lost one of the plagues of Egypt upon a fair and fertile land. He had lost "le siges," and the new world has gained the gypsy moth.  
Mr. Trouvelot, the silk grower of Medford, can hardly expect to have his name pleasantly remembered among his quondam townsmen and countrymen, but he should be given credit both for intelligence to foresee the consequences of his negligence and for the candor immediately to give notice of the danger to which the public was exposed. But his warning fell on deaf ears. No one realized that the pest, which is a nuisance rather than a danger in Europe, would gain such headway in a new home, and, freed from its hereditary enemies, was to devastate wherever it went. It would have been economy, if the future could have been foreseen, to appropriate \$1,000,000, if need be, to quarantine the whole neighborhood, to fell the trees, to raze the houses to the ground, to plow the fields under and leave that part of the town a desert. But no one rose to the emergency till it was too late.—Springfield Republican.

**The First Sapphire.**  
There is an Indian legend that Brahma, the creator, once committed a sin that he might know the torments of remorse and thus be able to sympathize with mortals. But the moment he had committed it he began repeating the mantras, or prayers of purification, and, in his grief, dropped on the earth a tear, the hottest that ever fell from an eye, and from it was formed the first sapphire.

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**Horse Department.**  
This mile by Joe Patchen in 2:03 1/4. Right, last week, was a great performance, even though made as an exhibition and not in a race.  
The little horse Dexter K. goes winning money and dropping his record which now stands at 2:15 1/4, having beaten that mark at Mystic last week.  
Susie M., by Young Ledo, owned by E. C. Boody, Brooks, got a mile of 2 1/4 at Fairfield last week, while Eben L., Haroldson, driven by the same driver, got a record of 2:22 flat.  
When you have a good horse stick him. He may not be fast, but he does all you need of a horse, is safe and healthy. Why change, even if you have a faster horse does offer trade? Beauty is worth more than speed.  
It may be pleasant to sit on the grandstand and see the flyers in a mile race, but the breeding interests of the State are not fostered by races where the winners come from Arizona. The people enjoy the half mile ring and always will. The pool box prefers the mile.  
Nearly all the races in Maine this year are mixed, and while the pagers get away quicker at the start the trotters are winning their share of the dollars. There is not the difference between the thorough claim, and it looks now as though mixed races had come to stay.  
The educational value of horse shows is not over-rated. Their importance to agriculturists as illustrating the highest type of animal suited for special purposes and denoting the standard up to which they should breed, is evident. Here pure chasers, also, who do not breed stock themselves acquire in these a knowledge of the characteristics of a well-matched useful steed. Recognizing a true-former hunter, hack, or cart-horse, appears, a few, as a peculiar natural gift, "which the many have to be carefully and steadily educated up to it."—Mark Lane Express.

**The Horse Review**, one of the horse authorities of the day, says in its last issue: "It was ever thus in its history. The cross that is destined to today becomes the 'happy nick' to-morrow. The family unknown to fame this year takes up the world's stock of laudatory comment next, and exhausts it. And the lesson it teaches every person in the business is the same that was taught by the achievements of Dexter thirty years ago. The unexpected usually happens in horse breeding, but the breeder who gets as much trotting instinct as possible in the inheritance of his colts is the one who has the best chance to ride behind fast trotters." Why isn't this a confirmation of the position taken by the *Farmers* and ranked as heresy by some eastern writers? Surely these columns never expressed the fact in stronger terms.  
A horse that is difficult to find, and on that is in constant demand, is one that can be guaranteed to be safe for family use. At any place where horse sales are held, one cannot but be impressed by the large number of searchers after horses suitable for family use. For this purpose a horse must not only be sound and good looking, but he must be absolutely safe in the strictest sense of the word. He must be afraid of nothing, and must be possessed of sense enough to behave under circumstances which to the average horse would mean a runaway. He must be safe for a woman to drive and in many cases the woman will know little about driving and absolutely nothing about what should be done in case of an accident. In view of the dependence that must necessarily be placed on the family horse, it is not wondered at that horses suitable for that purpose are scarce, and also that they command a high price wherever they are offered. The only wonder is that some enterprising man does not make a specialty of high-class, reliable family horses.—Horse World.

There are two things that should receive the prompt attention of secretaries of trotting tracks. The nominator should be compelled to give notice, as the rule requires, the evening before the race, of his intention to withdraw. He should quality to start at 7 P. M. on the day preceding the race. Insist upon this, and there will be no tiresome delays for settlement at the hour advertised for starting. Why should the judges wait for half an hour or more to find out which horses have paid entrance money? The wide-awake secretary will have all collectable money in his pocket before the ringing of the sun. The official program should be made as full and accurate as possible. Do not deceive the public by printing on it the names of horses which are not eligible to start; and the pedigree of every starter should be given. The slip-show programmes so often sold on trotting tracks are disgraceful in their imperfections. The man who buys a programme because it is stamped official should be given what he pays for. This programme is in leaflet form, and a separate page is given to each race. If track managers wish to win the support of the public, they must, in times like these, give attention to minor as well as major points of administration.  
"A horse may be a horse, but the range between the extreme is almost beyond comprehension. Standing on Mystic Park lately, I saw the majestic Merry Bird move up the track, as fine a specimen of a horse as one could wish for, noble and commanding in every movement. He was a creature of a different order from the ordinary horse, with a faster record, booted from body to hoof, to keep head and nose in position. A greater creature could not be imagined. Yet on the track this last named machine was not the most money and he heralded the world over the champion. Think of such a combination of racing and driving for pleasure. There's a vast difference between a horse and a horse, and when men claim that the record is the story of worth they place undue value on trappings and fittings. The horse owner is the one of good sense, going free action.  
"The above is quoted from the *Maine Farmer*, a journal which in old happy days lay in our home on a table beneath the kitchen clock, and beside the bible and a collection of Watts's hymns. It was a sacred paper. Well, it has gone. This word picture from somewhere, and we present it because it selects a horse beauty, docility, and rare purity of action. We would like to see him in a locality







